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Northern Messenger

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J. Wm. Ransom by Esq.

The Turtles on the Orinoco River.

Turtles are very numerous on the Orinoco River, and Nature seems to have in every way provided for their wants, as from the River Cabrillare onwards there are very extensive banks of sand, in which they bury their eggs, which are incubated by the heat of the sun. From the beginning of April thousands of these turtles come up to the banks and choose suitable spots for laying their eggs, which number in most cases from twenty to twenty-five for each animal. Their mode of proceeding is curious. At sundown, when all is quiet, a few turtles suddenly appear on the bank above the water, and look out towards the land for quite half an hour; then little by little they advance, and when they have made sure that everything is safe, they come further inland and lay their eggs. They make holes in the sand, deposit the eggs, and then carefully cover them up, taking pains that the place of concealment may not be detected by any outward sign on the sand. Our picture illustrates a column of some thousands of turtles ascending the sand-banks. Some of the turtles captured when the picture was taken measured over a yard in length, and weighed as much as sixty pounds. —The 'Picture Magazine.'

A Fatal Mischief.

A story by Cyrus Townsend Brady, published in the 'Christian Endeavor World,' contains the following striking incident, which, we believe, is a true one. It needs no moralizing:—

'Do you see that farmer out there?' said the bishop, pointing through the window.

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, that reminds me of a journey I took through my diocese about ten years ago when I had just been made bishop, and of a story which began then and ended yesterday. I got on the train one afternoon, and found in the seat in which I chanced to sit a paper-backed book. I picked it up and began to read it. The title was unfamiliar, and the name of the author I had never heard before. I shall remember both to my dying day. It was a rather well-written book, and I read on unconsciously enough for a dozen pages until I discovered the character of the story—or I suppose I should say, the lack of character. I think from what I saw that no more insidiously corrupting, utterly depraved book had been or could be written by a human emissary of Satan than that volume. On the impulse of the moment I turned to the open window,—it was summer,—and with no thought but a desire to get rid of the loathsome thing I flung it far out of the car.

'The circumstances were just as they were a few moments since. It was an up grade, or for some other reason the train was going slowly. There was a young man driving a farm waggon along the road, which there nearly approached the track. The book sailed through the air, and fell into the waggon at his feet. I saw him pick up the book, and in my excitement I thrust my head out of the car-window and shouted to him to throw it away, an injunction which he naturally did not heed; and then the train swept around a curve, and I lost sight of him.'

'Is that all, sir?' asked the lieutenant, as the bishop paused.

'No,' he said, 'it is not. I wish to heaven it were. Last week I was holding a mission in S——. You know what a mission is? It is a sort of revival with some of the distinguishing features of a revival left out, and new features added. I usually speak very plainly upon different subjects on such occasions; in fact, I speak plainly on almost all occasions.'

'Yes, we know you do,' interrupted the young man, smiling. 'You have made us all feel pretty uncomfortable at times.'

'I presume you needed it,' continued the bishop calmly. 'Well, on this occasion I was speaking of personal purity and the things which go to break it down. Among other things, I referred to the evil influence of a bad book, and I told this story that I have just told you.

'A great many people waited to see me after the services, as usual; but I finally disposed of all of them except one wretched, miserable woman. She came up to me after everybody had gone, and grasped me fiercely by the arm, and asked me to accompany her to her home on the outskirts of the city. There was some one ill there she wished me to see. We walked along in the dark in silence. Finally we both

reached the house. It was a squalid ruin. There was one room in the hovel, and a man was lying on a bed in that room. He was in the last stages of a loathsome disease. Drink and dissipation had put their brutalizing, debauching marks all over his body; the contagion of his life had extended even to the miserable woman who had brought me to the house; and the two faced me, one lying on the bed, the other standing by it, wrecks of humanity, blurred images of God.' The bishop stopped and looked out of the window for a moment.

'My boy,' he said finally, turning and resting his hand upon the young man's shoulder, 'weigh well your lightest action; you can never dream what results may come from it. That woman said to me: "Do you know what became of that book you threw from that car-window? Ask him. He got it! We were just married then. It's all come from that, and who's to blame?"'

Another Appeal for Papers.

Mr. John Bell, Box 168, Arnprior, Ont., finds continual opportunities for the distribution of undenominational papers, tracts and magazines of a religious character among the lumbermen of Kippewa and Temiscamingue districts The supply sent him each year lasts only for a few weeks, and a larger supply could be easily used to the best advantage.

Mr. Bell asks that only papers that 'contain the Gospel and helps to Christians' should be sent him, as it is impossible for him to make use of light periodical literature, such as he has sometimes received, much as he appreciates the kindness that prompted the gift.

'I Never Pray.'

In the year 1827 a young man, then studying for the ministry, was requested to preach in a town in Kentucky. The meeting was held in the evening, in a private house. Knowing that two or three deists were present, some remarks were made upon the authenticity of God's Word. The president of an infidel club arose and interrupted the speaker, who mildly said to him:

'Sit down, and after meeting I will talk with you.'

When the service was closed there was hardly time for conversation, and an appointment was made that the parties should meet at the house of a friend on the following morning. At the appointed hour the president, with several infidel books under his arm, and a very large handkerchief full of pamphlets and papers, made his appearance, in company with two members of his club. No sooner were the parties seated and the large table covered with his religious dissecting knives, than the infidel began, with much warmth, to pour forth his contempt for the Bible.

'Stop, sir, stop,' said the student; 'let us commence right, and then we shall end well. Do you believe there is a God, who made all things; a God, who has a mind?'

'I do.'

'Do you believe he created you; feeds. and clothes, and watches over you and yours, without any reward?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, sir, that we commence right, please lead in prayer. Ask the God in whom you believe to direct us as to the rejection of that Bible, if it is false, and if it is true to receive. We do not want to be deceived.'

The man hesitated and said: 'I never pray; I do not believe in prayer.'

'Never pray, sir! Do you not believe in prayer when your God has done so much for you; never thank him for his goodness. Have you a father?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you never thank him? If you had a child whom you had always blest, would he not thank you when you bestowed upon him some little trinket?'

'I suppose he would.'

'Well, sir, compare right. Just pray; pray and thank God.'

'I can't pray.'

The student then turned to his infidel companions, and asked them to pray, and they both declined. With indescribable feelings he knelt, and with great freedom poured out his whole heart to God. As he finished they all three arose from their seats. The president passed his fingers through his hair, and as he gathered up his books, said:

'I think we will talk no more. It will do no good.'

The student waited on them to the door, and in a short time heard that the club had disbanded.—Louisville 'Journal.'

Consecration Hymn.

Our prayers cannot do what our feet should have done
Our prayers cannot do what our hands might have done.
O, God, make me willing
To go at Thy bidding,
For prayers cannot do what a word might have done.

Dear Jesus, Thou lead, and I'll follow the way,
From Thy blessed footprints may I never stray,
O, make me more willing,
To go at Thy bidding,
For prayers cannot do what a song might have done.

Should'st Thou ask of me to some brother go
O, God, that my footsteps may never be slow,
O, make me more willing,
To go at Thy bidding,
For prayers cannot do what a song might have done.

O, God, for a more humble walk with Thy Son,
O, God, by His Spirit I'll follow Him on
O, make me more willing,
To go at Thy bidding,
For prayers cannot do what our lives might have done.
—Source Unknown.

Music and Sunshine.

A German whose ear for music was exceedingly sensitive, was attracted to enter a church, one, day, by the sound of singing. But the music proved to be a dismal tune, sung in a most discordant fashion, so that he wanted to cover his ears and rush out of the place. 'But this I feared to do,' said he 'lest offence should be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume, when lo, I distinguished amid the din the soft, clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones. One after another yielded to the gentle influence of her singing, and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony.'

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who tells the story, draws from it a happy lesson for all our living. 'The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest as well as the gentlest kind. The temptation so often comes to sing louder than the rest and try to drown their voices, or to stop singing and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they who endure to the end singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails.'

Mrs. Child herself was of this rare and blessed kind. A lady who wished to meet the distinguished authoress, found that she must climb many steep stairs high up in a plain boarding-house. She was received in a room the bareness of which seemed desolation itself; for Mrs. Child persisted in denying herself of even comforts, that she might have the more to give to others. As they were sitting there, the sun struggled through the clouds. Immediately rising, Mrs. Child took a prism and held it in the window where it caught the sun's rays, and at once the room was all filled with rainbows, and she kept turning it hither and thither until they fell on every object. The visitor says that since that day she has never seen a prism without thinking of her who, without having any accessories of upholstery or bric-a-brac, gave the best she had,—God's sunlight and her ability to use it, and she has hung a prism in her own window.—'Wellspring.'

Postal Crusade.

[The lad Vishnu, or Francis, about whose paper we inserted a letter some months ago, from 'Little Mother,' has written his thanks in a very neat, well-arranged letter.—Ed.]

'Mukti,' Poona Dist., India.

Dear Editor,—Thank you for sending me the 'Northern Messenger.' I really like it very much. I am going to write you a long letter and tell you about the boys here, but I will do so some other time. I have one brother and a sister. My brother is in the third standard (English), and I am in the sixth. I think 'Little Mother' has told you something about me.

Yours sincerely,
VISHNU — ——.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 4, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

What Could the Czar Have Done?—New York 'Times.'
Russian Tyranny To-day—Prince Kropotkin, in the 'Nineteenth Century.'
The General Strike a Practical Modern Weapon or a Utopian Dream—Translated from the 'Mouvement Socialiste' for 'Public Opinion,' New York.
Another Russian Repulse—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Unstable Europe—The Springfield 'Republican.'
The Doom of Zionism—By M. J. Landa, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Free Loan Association—Honesty of the Poor Shown by its Books—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Sport as an Influence in Modern Life—By the Rev C. Silvester Horne, M.A., in the 'Sunday Magazine,' London.
The Church Crisis in Scotland—Extract from an Article by the Rev. John Watson, D.D. ('Ian Maclaren'), in the 'Hibbert Journal,' London.
The White Cattle of Chartley—By E. B. T., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Day at Home with Ysaye—By Frederick Miles Bernard, in the 'World,' New York.
A Notable Book on Japanese Art—Described by John La Farge—The New York 'Evening Post.'
More About the Encore Nuisance—The 'Musical News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Le Roi d'Yvetot—By Pierre Jean de Beranger, 1780-1875.
The Spirit of Borrow—By B., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Hurrell Froude—The 'Daily News,' London.
Notable Book on Shakespeare's Tragedies—By William Archer, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Philosophy of Dickens—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Humanity of Bunyan—By C. H. Herford, in the 'Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

'Education' in the Village—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Memory of Ants—This and Other Human Characteristics Studied—The New York 'Tribune.'
Enormous Use of Rubber—The Chicago 'Journal.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother, who will
Stand by you through good and through ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe:
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay,
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare;
So honor that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight;
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother—just one;
Remember that always, my son.
None can or will do
What she has for you;
What have you for her ever done?
—Exchange.

Tom's Father.

'Can't afford it, Tom; it's no use you bothering me about books, boots or new clothes; I tell you I can't afford it, times are very hard just now.'

'But I'm ashamed to go to school, father, in my old boots, my toes are peeping out of one of them; I am sure the boys will be laughing at me.'

'Well, Tom, perhaps I'll buy a second-hand pair on Saturday night; anyhow, it's no use you expecting me to buy you a new suit; it's very hard to make a little money supply all the wants of a family.'

Tom turned away, for he didn't want his father to see the tears that were beginning to flow down his cheeks. His little heart was breaking; he could not endure the thought that he should go to school not only shabby, but in rags, for his mother had mended, darned and patched his clothes until it was quite impossible to mend them any more. As for his boots neither his mother nor the bootmaker could do anything with them, they were past repair, the soles were worn quite thin, and, as Tom said, one of them was actually showing his foot. How he wished he was old enough to go out to work and earn his own living, then he would buy his own boots and be independent of everyone.

Tom went into the kitchen to his mother for consolation.

'Mother,' he said, 'father can't afford to buy me any new clothes, and he talks of buying me a second-hand pair of boots; I wish you would talk to him about it.'

'Never mind, Tom. I don't know how it is, we seem to be poorer than ever; we don't seem to be a bit better off now that your father has got his new place, and earns good wages.'

'All I can say it's jolly hard; the springtime is here, and I shall have to leave off my great coat, and then my old patched jacket will be seen. I wish I was a man, that I do.'

Tom Fletcher was only ten years of age, but he had the spirit of a boy much older; he seemed to understand what was going on all around him much more than ordinary boys; he argued and talked with genuine good sense, and he thought that it was not entirely on account of the poverty of his parents that he was deprived of his proper clothing.

Mr. Fletcher was an industrious, intelligent, sober workman. A punctual and regular attendance at his duties had gained him a promotion, but for all this he never had a penny in his pocket to spare; little luxuries that other workmen easily obtained he could never obtain. As for taking a fortnight's holiday in the summer, that was quite out of the question, for in the summer especially the funds were always low, and, indeed, at nearly all times his wages were half spent before he obtained them.

Both husband and wife were moderate drinkers of intoxicating drinks—they drank their glass of beer or ale at meals, only occasionally indulging in a little spirits or wine. Mr. Fletcher, however, felt that he was in duty bound to return the glasses of liquor to which some of his fellow workmen treated him. It never once occurred to them that their moderate allowance of intoxicating drink was really the cause of their poverty. If ever this was hinted to them they spurned the idea with indignation, saying they were not drunkards, and would not allow any one to say so.

Tom had been trained by his parents to abstain. They thought it was an excellent habit for children; they encouraged his attendance at the Band of Hope, but they would have none of his 'teetotal nonsense' at home; he was to drink his jug of water at dinner in quietness, and say nothing about his parents' beer.

It so happened that the very next night to the one on which the conversation about the boots had taken place was Tom's Band of Hope night, and, as usual, he was in his place in good time. A gentleman gave an address such as most of the children could understand and appreciate.

It was all about money, how to get it, and how best to spend it, and as most of the audience had very little of the precious metal, they were deeply interested in the remarks of the speaker, specially when he came to tell them how they might save money when they became men and women. 'A man,' he said, 'was poor if he had plenty of money and wasted it; he was rich if he had little money and laid it out properly to supply his wants.' Then he told them how much money was spent in intoxicating drinks; he compared this with the money spent in bread, meat, milk, house rent, etc.; and then he went on to show them that many persons who were not drunkards, wasted in the end a very large sum of money, which money, if saved, would provide education and clothes for their children, or might be put to one side for a time of sickness or old age.

Tom became deeply interested when the speaker wrote on the blackboard how much a family of moderate drinkers spent in a year in intoxicating drinks, and how much this would amount to if the money had been kept in a good bank. Tom copied the figures in his note-book, and determined he would try in some way to let his father understand all about them.

As Tom walked home he was puzzled as to the manner in which he should let his father see the figures he had copied; he was certain if he spoke to his father he would be told to mind his own business, and, besides, Mr. James, the secretary of the Band of Hope, said that children ought to be respectful to their parents, and never be rude to them about drinking.

At last the thought occurred to him to write something on his slate that would attract his father's attention, and then probably he would have an opportunity of speaking to him. So when Tom reached home he wrote in large letters on one side of his slate the following words:

A Pint of Water
Costs Nothing,
and does Good.

And then on the other side—

A Pint of Beer
Costs Four Cents
and does Harm.

With many fears Tom placed the slate where his father would be sure to see it; and when he said his evening prayers he did not forget to ask God to bless his little effort.

Mr. Fletcher came home rather late that evening; Tom, of course, was fast asleep. Mr. Fletcher picked up his slate, curious to see what sort of home lessons his boy was doing; how great was his astonishment when he read Tom's little sermon. 'What's this?' he cried, '"a pint of water costs nothing"—that's true, as far as it goes; certainly, you can get it for nothing—"and does good;" yes, that's true also; but it's poor stuff to work upon; a drop of beer beats all your water.'

'"A pint of beer costs four cents,"—yes, I know that—"and does harm." No, no, Tom, you are wrong; though I don't want you to get into the habit of drinking. Yet I cannot believe that beer does harm; it gives strength and power to work. I must ask Tom about this to-morrow; this is a strange sort of home lesson.'

Tom came downstairs the next morning half afraid to meet his father, for he knew that he could be very angry at times; but he walked boldly into the kitchen, and sat down at the table.

'Good morning, father,' he said, as Mr. Fletcher walked into the room. He looked at Tom in a peculiar manner, and, pretending to be angry, he said in a harsh tone, 'I say, Tom, you seem to have very extraordinary kind of home lessons. I must get you another school; what's all this on the slate about water and beer?'

Tom began to shiver, for being a nervous boy, he very soon got excited. Somehow, his tongue was in a kind of knot, and when he attempted to answer he began to stammer.

'Well, f-a-t-h-e-r, it's what they t-o-l-d us at the B-a-n-d of H-o-p-e.'

'Nonsence, boy; don't talk to me like that; let me know all about it.'

Poor Tom got still more alarmed, his face turned white, his heart beat rapidly, and he only stammered the more.

'B-e-e-r's d-e-a-r, f-a-t-h-e-r; w-a-t-e-r's c-h-e-a-p.' That's all he could say.

Mr. Fletcher cooled down, and told his son that he would have a quarter of an hour to spare after breakfast and then Tom could tell him all about it.

All the time Tom was eating his bread and butter, and drinking his mug of coffee, he was thinking of what he should say, and when he had gained confidence he spoke out like a little man, and did credit to his society.

This is what he said: 'It's just this, father: a gentleman told us at our Band of Hope that if our parents saved their beer money they would be better off, and have money in the bank.'

'That's true, Tom, if a man drinks too much; but when only a little is taken, like your mother and me, there is no harm, and we do not spend much.'

'But they told us at the Band of Hope that even moderate drinkers spent much more than they imagined and if they reckoned up all they spent in a year they would be very much surprised at the amount.'

'Well, then, my boy, let's reckon it up. I should like to know how much we spend a year in drink.'

'Well,' said Tom, delighted, 'let's put it down properly. I think you have a pint of beer at lunch.'

'Yes, you're right; and your mother has half a pint.'

'That's six cents; and for dinner, father, you have the same?'

'Yes, yes, you are right again.'

'And for supper you have a pint between you.'

'Yes, only a pint between us—that is not much.'

'That will make sixteen cents per day, father.'

'And little enough, too, for a hard-working man and his wife.'

'Now, listen, fther; sixteen cents a day in a year is $58.40.'

'No, no, Tom, you are wrong. I never spent so much as that in drink. I never had so much to spend in all my life.'

'You spent it, father, in little sums, and so you did not notice it, but it is quite true. Now, father, listen a little more. I am just ten years old. If you had saved this sixteen cents a day, and had obtained five percent interest, you would now have in the bank the handsome sum of $584.'

'Yes, Tom, I see it, and a good bit more if I had saved all the money I have spent in drink. Oh, what a fool I have been! I must be off now, we will talk more about this to-night. I'll see how I can get along to-day without beer, and perhaps your mother will try to do the same.'

Mrs. Fletcher was quite willing to try; husband and wife found a little loss at first, but they soon discovered that beer does not give strength and that the hardest work can be done without it.

Tom has reaped the reward of his temperance lesson; his father has learned the value of saving small sums of money; the money thus saved he partly spends in clothing and education, the rest is safe in the savings' bank. He declares that he is much better in health, and he feels not half so much anxiety as he formerly did at a prospect of slack time, or even if he had to keep from work altogether for a time. 'For,' says he, 'I have the means to keep the wolf from the door.'

It would have done your heart good to have seen Tom in his new suit and boots—he looked magnificent. One dollar and twelve cents a week saved very soon amounted to what was necessary to make Tom look respectable.

'Bravo, Tom,' said Mr. Fletcher, 'I am sure I have more pleasure in seeing you so happy than ever I had before in drinking beer; that only gave me a little pleasure; the sight of you gives me lasting joy. God bless you, Tom.'

And the grateful father kissed his boy with an affection he had hardly ever felt before.

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How the Chinese Came to Wear the Queue.

The State of Manchuria was, in ancient times, subject to China. The prince of Manchuria once sent a minister of state with ceremonial gifts, to pay tribute to the ruler of China.

The Chinese high officials, wishing to ridicule the Manchu minister of state, shaved off his hair, leaving only a queue. Then they put a long garment on him, which had an embroidered square of cloth in the front and back, and its sleeves shaped like horse-hoofs.

They put on him a string of beads, a cap with a tassel, and black shoes. Then they said to him: 'This is a very fine style; our emperor wishes thus to reward you.'

The Manchu minister returned greatly delighted, and the prince was also much pleased. He ordered all the men to shave their heads, and wear a queue.

The Manchus thought it very good form, but in reality it was done to deride them. The Chinese looked on them as animals, and compared them to horses. The garment with the square of embroidery back and front was like a saddle; the string of beads, hanging down, like the bridle reins; the sleeves pointed and turned over, like a horse's hoof; the black shoes also resembled hoofs. The cap with the tassel was like the horse's mane, while the queue was like its tail.

A man dressed in this style, down on his hands and knees, greatly resembles a horse, and it was with this idea in mind that the Chinese first so dressed the Manchu minister.

Afterward, when China came under the rule of Manchuria, all Chinese mandarins were ordered to dress in this style, and the people were also to adopt it, all men being made to shave the head, leaving the braid only.

Thus the dress designed originally to deride the Manchus, the Chinese themselves were afterwards compelled to accept as their own ceremonial costume.—'The Day Star.'

Strange Barometers.

It was to be a great military parade, and Harold had been promised to go. Officers and soldiers galore and one real live general were to be there; and now, the very morning it was to come off, the weather never looked more threatening. Great clouds in the west were hurrying 'to catch hold of hands'—Uncle Tom's way of expressing it—and, if it rained 'twould spoil all the fun.

Many times before breakfast Harold went to the door and peeped out, a serious look on his troubled face that almost amounted to what grandma often called 'a having-given-it-up' expression.

'Do you think, grandpa, 'twill rain?' he asked, going to the shed where his grandfather Nicholas was grinding the axe.

'Why—bless me! I hardly think it. Suppose we go to the barn and see what the barometers say!'

'The barometers!' exclaimed Harold, wonderingly. 'In the barn—no barometers are there!'

'No? Suppose we see!' And his grandfather, with the mysterious look, laid down his partly ground axe and started for the barn.

'Are they new?' asked Harold, doubtfully.

'Not especially. Some have been hatched over two years!'

'Hatched—barometers!'

'Yes, indeed—everyone of them! How else could we obtain our hens?'

'Hens?'

'Certainly. Now let's see! Here they are; and not one of them oiling herself! No, no rain to-day. 'You'll see the parade all right enough; all the barometers say so!'

'I don't see how you can tell from the hens!' And Harold looked incredulously at the flock before him.

'They're not oiling themselves,' explained grandpa. 'Haven't you seen hens rub their bills over their feathers sometimes? Each one has an oil-sack and, when it is about to rain, they take oil on their bills from their sacks and rub it over the feathers so they'll shed water. You see, that's why I call them my barometers.'

'But do their weather predictions always come true, grandpa?'—for Harold was still rather doubtful.

'Not always, but I'd give more for what my feathered barometers tell me than for many a new-fangled weather indicator that you buy.'

'I guess, grandpa, the hens are weather prophets this morning. See, the sun is coming out!'

'And so will the parade—see if it doesn't,' laughed grandpa gayly.

And it did. And, strange as it may seem, Harold's thoughts all that forenoon yere divided and between the columns of marching soldiers and the strange hen-barometers at home. —A. F. Caldwell, in 'Sunday-School Times.'

The Tsar's Daughters.

HOW THE RUSSIAN PRINCESSES SPEND THEIR DAYS.

Simplicity is the key note of the home life of the four little Russian Grand Duchesses. In arranging the details of their children's upbringing the Tsar and Tsaritsa have borne in mind the saying of the poet Shuhowski, tutor to Alexander II., that 'The Imperial children must be taught to be men first and princes afterwards.' Real lessons, so far, play a minor role in the day's work of the happy quartette, Olga, Tatjana, Marie, and Anastasia. Games and easy childish occupations fill the hours between getting up and bedtime.

The toy cupboards of the Imperial nurseries do not contain the host of expensive playthings deemed indispensable in so many middle class households. The splendid tools sent by Queen Victoria to her great-great-grandchildren are only brought out on high days and holidays. For every day use the Grand Duchesses must content themselves with balls and flowers and puppets of the simplest sort.

The Tsaritsa is the most devoted of mothers and the merriest of playfellows. The Tsar, too, in spite of the countless affairs of State, which leave but little time for lighter diversions than the formal Court functions, never lets a day pass without seeing his darlings, and even allows them, for a great treat, to visit him in the study where he transacts the business of his vast Empire.

Special attention is bestowed on the physical education of the little ladies, who, instead of being spoiled and cossetted in Russian fashion, are taught to be as active and hardy as English children. Summer and winter alike they wear plain white frocks with short sleeves, and low shoes and socks reaching halfway to the knee. On the coldest days they are never muffled up in the prevailing fashion, as the Tsaritsa has quite British ideas on the subject of hygiene.

Grand Duchess Olga received a bicycle several years ago, and during her visit to Swernewice she grow very fond of the sport, and took daily spins in the park with her cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. When death

called away her little comrade with such cruel suddenness the Grand Duchess naively expressed her grief. 'What a pity that dear God has taken away from me such a good friend!'

The eldest of the four princesses, Olga has something both of her father and mother in her pretty face, and, like both parents, shows great interest in music. Tatjana, who is eight years old in May, is a living replica of her beautiful mother, and, like her eldest sister, adores the younger sisters, Marie and Anastasia, and is always making schemes to amuse them.

All the Grand Duchesses began to speak in English, but they soon learnt to prattle fluently in Russian, and say their prayers in their father's native tongue.

In spite of their natural ways, all of the great little ladies can comport themselves with the utmost dignity on State occasions, and, though they romp and riot with such gay abandon in the nursery, they play the part of Imperial Highnesses with bewitching propriety when it is a case of 'noblesse oblige.'—'Daily Mirror.'

Kind of Boys Wanted.

Boys to work everywhere.

Boys who do not know more than the foreman.

Boys who are not constantly thinking about putting mischief into the heads of other boys weaker than themselves.

Boys who would scorn to tell a lie, who neither smoke nor chew, can find ready employment.

Boys who find pleasure in doing something.

Boys whose desire is to improve time and not to kill it.

Boys who have the courage to tell the truth, no matter whom it hurts.—'Evangelical Visitor.'

Boys who Made Great Men.

A swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt; but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. He did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: 'That boy will beat me some day.' He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: 'Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!' And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great philosopher.—'The Watchword.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

How Scamperfoot Saved the Family.

(Clara E. Hamilton, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

In California, one spring, there was no rain. The little plants withered and dried up and blew away and the sun glared down fiercely upon a parched brown earth. The small creatures that live in the fields grew very discouraged. It was hard to find things to eat and water to drink, and more than one little wild fellow gave up and died that spring. In the midst of all this trouble little Scamperfoot came into the world. He was the youngest and smallest of a colony of red ants that lived just near the side porch of somebody. I have reason to know all about him, for I was that somebody, and he made himself acquainted in a very curious manner.

Now, if any of you have ever had a colony of ants in a glass fruit jar in your backyard, and have watched them carefully from day to day, as so many boys and girls, do, you will know that there is nothing in the world which the ants seem to think so much of as they do of the eggs which are soon to hatch into baby ants. They watch them most anxiously and even take them up above ground for a nice warm sun-bath on pleasant mornings. Then, when the wind comes up cool, there is a great hurrying and scurrying to get the precious eggs down below into the warm house before they shall be chilled.

Scamperfoot's grown-up relatives took just as good care of him as possible before he was hatched, and they were tremendously glad to see him when, at last, he thrust his little red head out of his hiding place, but they did say to one another, anxiously:

'How do you suppose we can ever find food for the little fellow?'

And he had not been long in the world before he had made the discovery that living was a much more strenuous thing than it looked to be at first glance. He played a great deal and had a very good time, but all the while he was wondering how he could help this big, hungry family of ants that were making such a brave struggle for life and that cared for him so kindly.

One morning everybody was off hunting food as usual, except a few of the old ants whose duty it was to look after the eggs, and a dozen or so little fellows about the age of Scamperfoot. These little people had been running races and playing games until they were tired of it, and then they sat down in a circle to plan what to do next.

'I'm hungry,' said one.

'Let's go in the house and see what we can find to eat,' said another.

'Nothing there,' said a third, dolefully.

'Well, then, let's curl up under this leaf and have a nice warm nap.'

Then it was that Scamperfoot spoke up and said:

'No, let's go and hunt for our own supper just as the old folks do. I am ashamed to let them hunt for me any longer. I am going to hunt for myself. I am surely big enough. Some of those big folks are half sick and half starved, and yet they always share with us, and it's not fair. We're young and fat and strong. Let's go hunting, too.'

They all agreed, but it was a very hot day and none of them went far, except Scamperfoot. Some of them stopped under nearby leaves for a rest, and others went home in disgust, and I am ashamed to say, ate up half of the supper that had been left at home for the old ants who looked after the eggs. But Scamperfoot kept thinking of the tired and gaunt old friends who would be coming home at night with a scant supply of food and who would offer to share with him, and he kept bravely on.

'I must help in some way,' he thought.

He was very tired and discouraged when he found himself at the foot of what looked to him like a perfectly precipitous mountain. He walked back and forth at the base, but everywhere the cliff rose straight up in the air.

'It seems that I must climb,' said he, rather mournfully, for his little red legs were amazingly tired. So up he went, and presently came out upon a flat smooth tableland which ended abruptly in another mountain exactly like the first.

'Well, this is very strange,' thought Scamperfoot, and up he climbed, only to find a second tableland and a third precipice. He went up that, too, very much out of breath, but very full of curiosity. If he had only known it he was climbing up the doorstep of somebody's kitchen. but how was a little bit of an ant to suspect that, never having so much as heard of such a thing as a house!

When he reached the top of the 'precipice,' as he called it, he found himself in a very strange country, perfectly flat and astonishingly smooth. There were no stones to climb over nor sand to burrow through, and he just thought it very queer indeed. It was a kitchen floor, but he did not know that, of course.

Suddenly he heard a great giant coming, and he scurried into a dark corner to get out of the way. The giant, however, was only a little boy who had come to the kitchen table to get cookies out of the big tin box that had been freshly filled that morning. After the giant left Scamperfoot came out and listened and smelled—smelled long and hard. Then he became very much excited and ran this way and that, for, being quite young and unpracticed, he did not know what to do with the information he had gotten hold of,—namely, that there was something good to eat, something very good to eat not far away. But where? That was the question.

He searched about frantically for quite a time and then he stopped and thought.

'No use in wasting much time this way. I'll try the place where the giant went,' or at least if that was not what he thought it was certainly what he did. He climbed up the table leg, slipping many times and frightening himself half to death, but still going on, for he could not forget the hungry ones at home. By and bye he reached the top, and then he marched straight across to the corner where the box stood, rushed up its side and into the crack of the lid that the giant had carelessly left open. And then he suddenly found himself in the midst of such bliss as he had never known or dreamed of before. There is no doubt that he shouted 'Hurrah!' as loud as ever he could, and he certainly would have swung his cap in the air if he had had a cap to swing.

He took three or four hungry bites, and then he bethought himself of the people at home.

'I must tell them,' he thought, and seizing as much of the good cookie as he could carry, he hurried off with the wonderful news. He had no trouble at all in finding his way home, for ants have a most surprising way of getting home again from almost any distance. He found the grown-ups beginning to return after a hard and weary day in the field. They were tired and discouraged and, if the truth must be told, a little bit cross, and they all laughed at little Scamperfoot for fancying that he, the very youngest of them all, had found food for the whole family.

But he showed them the piece of cookie that he had brought, and one taste of that made them quite crazy. One and all, they trooped out after him and Scamperfoot proudly led the way. Even his little lazy playmates ran along, too, and if you can believe it, they spent the whole time talking of the wonderful things they would have found themselves if they had not been too tired to go when he did! Did you ever hear of children like that? Well, when Scamperfoot led them to the cookie box the whole family tumbled in head first, and what a time those hungry folks did have! The people to whom the house belonged had gone away for the rest of the day, and, as it happened, none of them came out into the kitchen when they returned that night. But in the morning, what do you suppose they found? I can tell you, for I was one of those people, and, as I made the cookies myself, I ought to know!

The first thing that we noticed was a curious red line, entering at a crack under the kitchen door and leading up to the cookie box; and another, red and white line, leading along beside the red line from the cookie box out to the kitchen door. And when we looked closely we found that the red line was nothing in the world but ants, ants, ants, too, all hurrying off in the opposite direction and each with a crumb of cookie to stow away in his own house. For other families beside Scamperfoot's had joined in the raid, and all the neighboring antdom was busy and happy that morning.

And then, when we opened the box itself, we found regiments and regiments of ants doing nothing but breaking up the cookies into bits for their friends and neighbors to carry off. The whole thing was well planned and organized and nearly half the box of cookies had already disappeared. More than half of those remaining were all crumbled into bits, and so, making a virtue of necessity, we put the box out in the backyard and let them finish their work, which they did, most happily and promptly. It was necessary to bake more cookies for our own family, but it was a pleasure, after all, to know that there were hundreds of little red neighbors who would not be hungry again for many a day.

As for Scamperfoot, he became a hero in his tribe, but that did not matter so much as to know that he had done his best toward helping others.

A Happy Family.

Several weeks ago, while visiting a friend's family, I saw one of the most interesting families I have ever seen—an old cat, a kitten, and two gray squirrels. The squirrels had been given to the cat when about three days old. Her kitten was about the same age. Mother cat does not seem to know any difference between the members of her family, washing their faces and nourishing them as if all were kittens. The squirrels are now about half grown, and run all over the house. While looking at this happy family I thought how Jesus adopts into his family boys and girls that come to him, and how anxious he is for all to come, and when they come, though they be helpless and blind, as the squirrels were, he cares for them, feeding them with just the spiritual food they need. He cares for them more tenderly than an earthly parent can, and makes them members of his family.—John G. Barkley, in 'Christian Observer.'

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Talking in Their Sleep.

(Edith M. Thomas, in the 'Standard.')

'You think I am dead,'
The apple tree said,
'Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I am alive in trunk and shoot,
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root.'

'You think I am dead,'
The quick grass said,
'Because I have parted with stem and blade.
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid,
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root.'

'You think I am dead,'
A soft voice said,
'Because not a branch or a root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours.
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.'

Happy Evenings at Home.

A delightful way of spending an occasional evening is suggested by the following account of 'A Picture Social' taken from an exchange. A miscellaneous collection of persons may be taken, or one's special bent may be followed by making more than one set of pictures, grouping them under separate classes, as 'Sovereigns,' 'Scientists,' 'Authors,' 'Artists,' 'Missionaries,' 'Statesmen,' and the like. The particular leaning of a friend could be remembered by the gift of one of these home-made outfits for a social evening.

'Cut from magazines and papers a large number of pictures of prominent persons, and paste them upon cardboard. Trim the name from each one, and put a number upon it instead. Make a list of pictures with the corresponding numbers.

'Seat the guests in a circle about the room. Supply each one with a card having as many numbers along the edge as there are pictures. Each one who recognizes the picture that he holds writes down the name of the person he believes it to be opposite the corresponding number on his card, and then passes the picture on to his next neighbor on his left hand. At the same time he receives another picture from his next neighbor on the right, and so on until the pictures have gone around the circle. Each one then signs his name to his card, and they are gathered up. A prize is given to the one having the list most nearly complete.'

A Boy's Whistle.

He was an odd-looking little figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper under the sweatband; but he piped away like a steam whistle and carried the big snow shovel much as a marching soldier carries his rifle.

'How much' from an imposing looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

'Ten cents.'

'A nickel's enough.'

'It would be if I couldn't do no better; but I've got to do the best I can and business is rushing. Good morning,' and the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

'Go ahead and clean 'em!' shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

'Just see that little rascal make the snow fly!' he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. 'Why, he's a regular snow-plough; and he does it well, too.'

'What a little mite! and how comical! I wonder if he's hungry?'

She called him in as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

'Too busy,' he said.

'What are you going to do with the money?' asked the man, as he insisted on settling for twenty-five cents.

'I'm going to get mother a shawl for Christmas. She's wearing one you can see through and it ain't right.'

On he went with glowing cheeks and his cherry whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took a shawl to the mother, and it was the husband who installed the sturdy little snow-shoveller as his office-boy in a bright new uniform and with permission to whistle when he felt like it.—Exchange.

The Bible First.

That well-known writer, Julian Ralph, in his 'Making of a Journalist,' advises the candidate for journalism to study good literature, and practise constantly.

He gives a long list of models from Shakespeare to Hugo. But he remarks with emphasis, 'The Bible first.' 'If money be lacking, and books are hard to procure,' he adds, 'be content with the Bible, and "Robinson Crusoe."' But the puts the Bible first always, as the beginning of the candidate's studies.—'Christian Age.'

Child Life in China.

The dusky, almond-eyed baby of the Flowery Land has by no means a cot of roses. Here are one or two of the ceremonies wrapped about his infancy—some lingering in remote parts of China, others in general use:

When three days old he is washed before the image of a special goddess of children, and a thank-offering is made to her. Then follows the binding of each tiny wrist with red string or cotton cord, to which is attached ancient cash, or, in some cases, silver toys. The cash disperses evil spirits, the toys indicate a desire for wealth and honor, while the cord prevents disobedience in after life.

'Didn't mamma bind your wrists?' is occasionally asked of a troublesome Chinese child.

He receives his first name—the 'ju-ming,' or 'milk name'—about a month after birth, when his head is shaved. Fanciful names are often given—'a flower,' 'a sister,' 'a gem,' for instance, in the case of a girl—but it is quite usual for parents to bestow such titles as 'dog,' 'log,' 'puppy,' 'beggar,' or 'autumn kid,' under the idea that they will ward off the evil eye. The gods are not supposed to send sickness upon beggars or autumn kids. The giving of the name is celebrated by a feast.

Most comical of all ceremonies is one occurring at four months old, when the child is first taught to sit down. The maternal grandmother appears with presents, which include a chair and a quantity of molasses candy. The candy is spread on the seat of the chair, and baby is deposited thereon. He stays, perforce.

The originator of this ceremony must have been a very weary mother of children.

On his first birthday several articles—books, seals, ornaments, scales, and the like—are placed before the child, while his relatives watch anxiously to see which he will grasp. His future character and condition will be indicated accordingly. A story is told of a baby in the Sung dynasty who clutched a seal, refusing to look at anything else, and became eventually a Chancellor of the Empire.

Has the cleanliest of the ceremonies died out with civilization? 'Do you wash your child every day?' inquired a foreigner lately of a Chinese mother who was shovelling dust over an infant Celestial, and wiping it off with a broom. 'Every day?' exclaimed the indignant mother. 'Why, he's never been washed since he was born!'

The 'grasping' of the playthings applies, of course, to boys. Girls are of little account in Chinese babydom, and female infanticide prevails to a large extent in many districts. Girls are commonly sold by their parents, and are recognized articles of commerce. It is quite usual to see a toddling girl-baby hawked in the street by its father.

This very practice was at the root of the trouble leading to the terrible massacre of the Abbe Chevrier and the Roman Catholic Sisters of Tientsin in 1870.

The mission bought and educated little Chinese girls, but since the Celestial mind could not comprehend the buying of a child merely for its own good, rumors sprang up that large sums of money were to be obtained by selling children to the sisters. Certain natives at once started a system of kidnapping for the purpose. The increasing number of missionary protégées only served to strengthen the idea. 'Stealers of children!' was the cry which followed all foreigners in the streets.

Foot-binding is another of the hardships to which a girl-baby is subjected. Some say that the idea was originated to cover the defect of a club-foot in a popular empress, others that husbands instituted it to keep their wives from gadding. Certainly 'gadding' is not easily associated with the slow, awkward shuffle of the poor little deformed four-inch feet.

Rich families bandage their children's feet before the age of five. Their poorer neighbors wait two or three years longer, or even to the time of betrothal. The small toes are bent beneath the sole of the foot, and kept in position by tight bandages, which actually break the foot at the instep and press it downwards and forwards. The weight of the foot thus rests on the point of the big toe and the heel, and it is now transformed into a 'golden lily.' The use of the ankle-bone is lost, and the muscles of the ball waste.

Curiously enough, the mutilation seems to have less effect on the health than might be imagined. And in China the glory of a woman is her feet. If her husband, seeing her for the first time on their wedding-day, discovered that he was mated to a large-footed woman, he would be perfectly justified in sending her home to her parents.

English missionaries have started Anti-foot Binding Societies with wonderful success. All members were required to unbind their own feet, and not to bind their daughters'.

It is written in one of the last sentences of the 'Chinese Trimetrical Classic' that 'Play is unprofitable.' Now, the 'Chinese Trimetrical Classic' is a sort of 'Preceptor,' which Tommy Toogood would have loved. It is the primer of every school in China.

Poor little disconcerted mites! Longing for a game, and taught at the outset that they shouldn't.

No doll is permitted to the small Chinese maiden, simply because Confucius protested against an ancient practice of burying straw and wooden images with the dead, fearful lest at some time living 'puppets' might be substituted. This the correct Confucianist twists into an edict against dolls. But the babies are not to be balked. Play they must, and play they do. Ball, battledore, and shuttlecock—the hard side of a Chinese shoe-sole makes a lovely battledore, and what better ball can you have than cotton wound round with thread?—whip-tops, somersaults, and various kinds of blind-man's buff are among their forbidden sweets.

Kite-flying, by the way, whether 'profitable' or not, is the pastime of every age and rank. No doubt the present Emperor solaced his lonely childhood with one, too, in addition to the training of goats and monkeys. Few know, perhaps, that if he had not been vaccinated as a baby, before those in charge of him had any idea of his high destiny, the operation could never have been performed. The Emperor's person is so sacred that neither iron nor steel is allowed to touch it. One doctor who proposed to save the life of an Emperor by bleeding him nearly lost his head.

Broadly speaking, Chinese girls do not go to school. Domestic virtues are considered all-important, and learning unnecessary for their after life. But there are exceptions, especially among the better classes.

There is no national school system or compulsory attendance. Education is too highly prized to need enforcing. The elementary schools are private ventures, and taught by candidates who have failed in examinations, or poor graduates with government appointments. Sometimes four or five people living in the same street will hire a well qualified teacher to instruct their children, and thus start a small private school.

In the less select day-schools—China has no boarding-schools—the scholars number from thirty to forty. The school is a room in a dwelling-house, or even a mud hut or mat shed.

School hours are from sunrise to 10 a.m.; then comes an hour for breakfast, after which the scholars reassemble till late afternoon. And the Chinese school-week has seven days! Moreover, there are very few vacations.

The teacher's salary varies in different districts. Probably he gets from ten to twelve shillings a year on each child. Seven days a week, from dawn to dusk, at something over a shilling a day!

Stand outside an English National School while lessons are repeated, and you may get a faint idea of the babel in a Chinese schoolroom. The same primer—the classic mentioned above—is used in every school. Each boy takes it to his master's desk, hears a sentence read, and walks back to his own, shouting it at the top of his voice, and swaying his body to and fro to assist his memory. When he knows it by heart, he returns, wheels round, and 'backs the books,' or stands with his back to the book in the teacher's hand, so that he may not look at it, and shouts his sentence once more. If all the boys did not shout, the weary teacher will explain, one could not be sure of each individual attention.

In certain districts there is practised many times during child-life the ceremony of 'passing through the door.' It is supposed to cure the sick child, keep the strong in health, and secure long life. Much preliminary feasting and noise attend it.

The 'door,' made of bamboo, and covered with red and white paper, is placed in the centre of the room. At sundown a priest, impersonating the goddess of children in the act of driving away evil, stands blowing a horn, grasping a sword hung with bells, and reciting incantations, while the father of the family passes through the door with his children. The door is placed in each corner of the room, and again in the centre—the ceremony being repeated every time—and is finally hacked to pieces and burnt. Usually a small wooden image is used in the observance to represent the child for whose particular benefit it is celebrated.

'Going out of childhood' is a similar ceremony, but more imposing. It is performed, in many families, when the child is about sixteen, and so considered on the threshold of manhood or womanhood. From that time the care of the special goddess ceases, and the 'grown-up' baby is under the supervision of the gods in general.—'Home Chat.'

You Will Not be Sorry.

For doing good to all men.
For being courteous to all men.
For hearing before judging.
For speaking ill of no one.
For holding an angry tongue.
For thinking before speaking.
For being kind to the distressed.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For being patient towards everybody.
For stopping the ears to a talebearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill reports.—'Christian Guardian.'

Number One.

'I always take care of Number One,' said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

'That's you out and out,' cried one of his companions. 'You don't think or care about anyone but yourself; you ought to be called Number One.'

'If I did not take care of Number One, who would, I should like to know?' cried he.

True, Number One was right. He ought to take care of himself,—good care.

'But does not that smack a little of selfishness?' the boys ask. 'Number One thinks of nobody but himself.'

Nobody but himself! that certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. Yet Number One is committed to our own care. What sort of care? is the all-important question.

'The care of his soul.' Number One has a soul to be saved from sin and from hell. Number One has a soul to be won to Christ, to holiness, and to heaven. Here is a great work to do.

'Take care of his habits.' Make Number One industrious, persevering, self-denying and frugal. Give him plenty of good healthy work to do, teach him how best to do it, and keep him from lounging and also from all idle company.

'Take care of the lips' of Number One. Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle in his mouth, that no angry, backbiting tale shall come from it. Let no profane or impure word escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

'Take care of the affections and feelings' of Number One. Teach him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself; to care for others, and share with others; to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good to all as he has opportunity.

This is the care to take of Number One, and a rich blessing will he prove to his home, and neighborhood, and himself. Boys! you all have Number One to take care of; and a responsible charge it is.—From 'Stirling Tracts,' No. 248.

PURRINGTON FLATS WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

What Uncle Tom Did.

(By Alix Thorn, in 'S.S. Times.')

The cat-hole must be closed, for Tim, the dear, loving old pussy, was dead, and strange cats of every size and description came in unchallenged and roamed about the furnace-room, sometimes venturing even into the hall, now that no large, dignified Tim was there to defend his premises.

The cat-hole, you must know, was a round opening made in the latticework under the piazza. It was near the small cellar window that was opened wide enough for Tim to slip through, and thus gain the shelter of his home when he was scared or hungry. Yes, the cat-hole must be closed, so said Grandpa; and eight-year old Helen's brown eyes brimmed over with tears at the announcement.

The little girl was spending the winter with her grandparents while her father and her mother were abroad, and she had learned to pity the homeless cats who skulked around the grounds trying to find shelter from the cold winds. Indeed, she knew several of the unwelcome visitors by sight, and she had carefully written down the sad list on her own little tablet:

1 big maltese kittie,
1 grey and white puss,
1 old yellow cat,
1 thin tiger cat.

Oh, how warm and cozy the living-room looked this November day, while little, wandering snowflakes were blown against the windows, and the bare boughs tossed to and fro. It was Uncle Tom, jolly Uncle Tom, down for his college vacation, who came in to find his little niece curled up in the window-seat, and looking so pathetic that he exclaimed:

'Why, girlie, tell me what is the matter? Thanksgiving just passed, and every day bringing Christmas nearer—I certainly cannot see why a small child should be so mournful.'

'Oh, but, Uncle Tom,' cried Helen, 'it's just this. You see I'm thinking, and thinking about those poor cats that can't get into the cat-hole any more. I know four of them pretty well. They haven't any homes, I'm sure. See,' handing him the list; 'think of it, Uncle Tom, no home,' and with a pathetic hiccough, 'p'raps no friends—they'll certainly freeze.'

Uncle Tom, usually the most cheerful and hopeful of uncles, only shook his head soberly, and soon after left the room.

Presently from the basement sounded a steady hammering and pounding, interspered with a merry whistle very like Uncle Tom's. Half an hour later Helen was summoned down to inspect the work. Before her astonished eyes appeared a something that resembled a roughly built doll-house. It was really too large, strong boxes lying upon their sides, nailed one upon the other, and divided, each into two sections. Across the lower front of each compartment boards were fastened securely, and the boxes were filled with dry leaves, making deep, warm nests.

'Oh, what is it, Uncle Tom? what is it for?' cried Helen, breathlessly. Uncle Tom did not reply, but dipping a little brush into India ink, he printed in fine large letters on the front of the quaint little house:

THE PURRINGTON—CAT APARTMENTS.

'Isn't that plain enough for even an uneducated barn cat to read?' he said, and Helen's only answer was a delighted giggle.

'It's a beautiful home, Uncle Tom,' she smiled; 'any cat must think so; but where shall we put it?'

'I've the very place decided upon,' replied her uncle. 'By one of the basement windows behind the steps, where it will be well sheltered from the wind.'

Late that same day the cook reported that an old yellow cat had discovered the house, peered in curiously, inspected the whole place, and finally decided to occupy the lower right-hand rent. As the days went by there was no doubt that Purrington Flats was a complete success, ever well patronized. At almost any hour might be seen the whisk of a gray or striped tail disappearing in one of the openings, or from another an inquisitive maltese head peering out to see what was going on in the world.

And each week letters written

in Helen's prim, little vertical hand went speeding to college, for as the little maid said:

'I do s'pose Uncle Tom must be just anxious to hear all about those funny Purrington Cat Apartments.'

'What the Little Stocking Told the Baby.'

(Dora Hall, in 'Trained Motherhood.')

Baby Bright was lying on the bed one morning and his dear mamma was not in the room, she was making some nice food for the baby in the next room and baby could hear the jingle of the teaspoon in the cup. He lay and listened for a long time and when the noise stopped he thought he would cry; but then he looked at his little feet which were kicking very fast and he smiled and tried to catch one. At last he did and the pretty little blue stocking came right off his little pink toes and he looked very much surprised, for he had never done this before and so he did not know that he could take off his own stocking just as well as mamma. He held the stocking in his little fat hand for a long time and when mamma looked in to see if Baby Bright was all right she found him laughing and talking as fast as he knew how in his baby language to the little blue stocking, and it seemed to her as if the little stocking was talking to him, so she did not disturb them for she had many things to attend to in the next room and she was very glad to have her dear baby so happy. Would you like to know what she thought the little stocking said? This was something like it: 'Baby Bright I love you very, very much and I am real glad that your mamma gave me to such a good little baby and I hope you will always be good so that I shall want to stay with you, will you dear?' Then baby would laugh and answer something that sounded like 'Yes, yes, I'll try to.'

'I suppose you would like to know where I came from, wouldn't you? Once long ago I was on the back of a little sheep.' 'Baa, baa,' said Baby Bright. 'Yes,' said the little stocking, 'that's what the sheep used to say when I knew her. Well I staid with that good white sheep for many, many days and then a man came with a big pair of shears in his hand and he cut me away from the sheep.' 'Oh, oh,' said baby. 'You needn't say oh, for it didn't hurt me at all, and it didn't hurt Mrs. Sheep either. I was not in the shape of a stocking; then I was only soft and fluffy, something like your softest blanket.' 'Goo, goo,' said Baby Bright. Baby loved this blanket of his very much and would never go to sleep without it. 'Well,' continued the little stocking, 'I was not blue then, but was only a dirty white, I was put into a big basket and taken to a place where wool is made into yarns of all sorts of pretty colors. Then they took me to another big place where yarn is made into lovely stockings and socks for little babies like you.'

By this time Baby Bright thought it was about time for his dear mamma to come for he felt quite hungry, so he puckered up his little red lips to cry, when he dropped the little blue stocking; this he did not like, so he made a little bit of a cry, just enough for mamma to hear him and she came in and gave him his little stocking again and also a loving kiss, saying, 'There, there, sweet, good baby mine, lie still a little while longer and talk to the pretty blue stocking.' So Baby Bright began the 'goo, goo,' 'coo, coo,' 'da, da' language again and the little stocking seemed to answer, as it said: 'I was telling you I was made from blue yarn into a pair of blue stockings, then I was put into a pretty box with ever so many other stockings and the box was shut up tight and we were all taken in the cars to a big city and put on a shelf in a nice clean place, called a store. There were real pleasant faced ladies in this store, and one day I heard a sweet voice saying, 'Have you any pale blue stocking for little babies?' 'Yes,' replied the lady who had put a number on me the day before, 'we have some new ones just in.' Then she took me out of the box and laid me on the counter for the sweet-voiced lady to see. 'I will take this pair,' said she, so I was then wrapped up in a piece of paper and put into a bag which this lady carried, and after a short ride in a street car I was taken out and put on the little pink foot of a dear baby boy called Baby Bright, and I hope I can stay with him a long, long time, for I think he is a very good, kind little fellow.' 'Goo, goo, um, um,' said Baby Bright, and he put the little blue stocking into his mouth, for now he was really very hungry indeed, but dear mamma appeared just then, so baby knew he would not be hungry any longer, and he did not have a chance to cry before mamma cuddled him up in her loving arms and soon he gave a contented little smile and went fast asleep with the blue stocking still in his little fat hand.

The Bad Monkey.

Did you ever hear one boy say to another, 'I will pay you for this?' The boy is angry, and means to get even with the other boy. The feeling is called revenge. You would not think that boys and girls would feel that way, though some of them do.

Here is a story of a monkey who tried to pay back the boys that troubled him. The boys living next door had teased the monkey very often, and made him angry, but he was fastened by a chain so that he could not get at them to do any mischief. The monkey did not forget, but waited for his chance. One day he was left without his chain, and was free in the yard. He climbed upon the roof of his master's house, and then went in through the window into the house next door, where the boys who had teased him lived.

The monkey took a bottle of ink that he found on the writing desk, and poured it all around--on the carpet, the bedspread and the pillows. Then, when he had done all this mischief, he went out of the window and back to his own home.

Do you think the monkey was bad? Then what do you think of the boy or girl that tries to pay another back by trying to do harm? Is not that like a monkey? Or do you think it is even worse than a monkey? I do!—North Western 'Christian Advocate.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 26.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.

John vi., 1-14

Golden Text.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven. John vi., 51.

Commit verses 11, 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 20.—John vi., 1-14.
Tuesday, Feb. 21.—John vi., 15-24.
Wednesday, Feb. 22.—John vi., 25-34.
Thursday, Feb. 23.—John vi., 35-46.
Friday, Feb. 24.—John vi., 47-58.
Saturday, Feb. 25.—Mark viii., 1-10.
Sunday, Feb. 26.—I. Kings xvii., 10-16; II. Kings iv., 42-44.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Crucial times had come. John Baptist was martyred. Prudence suggested retirement. Weariness demanded it. The retreat would also afford the apostles an opportunity to report more minutely to the Master the experiences of their trial-trip, two and two, through Galilee, from which they had just returned. So the boat which had been chartered for Jesus and 'waited upon him' was employed to put the weary toilers beyond the reach of the multitudes that pressed upon them even at mealtimes.

Headwinds probably drove the little bark near shore and retarded its progress. Clandestine as the departure had been it failed of its purpose. An ever-augmenting throng hurried around the head of the lake, and probably apprised some pilgrim caravans to the Passover of the coming of the great Nazarene. So when Jesus' boat ran its keel upon the pebbly shore, there stood five thousand men, not to mention the women and children.

So far from being irritated by the failing of his plans, Jesus' heart was touched to pity at the sight of the shepherdless flock, and he began at once to instruct them in many phases of the doctrine of grace. In the absorbing interest of the theme neither Teacher nor the taught observed how the sun was dipping to the western horizon.

But the commissary of the apostolic college suddenly awoke to the situation. Five regiments and no stores on hand or any country to forage upon! After some questions on Jesus' part, calculated to test his disciples' faith, but to which they responded with phenomenal obtuseness, he proposes to work what, in some respects, was his most remarkable and significant miracle.

The material basis of the miracle was paltry in the extreme,

But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store
Is all He asks (and more than needs),
Who men and angels daily feeds.

There is a vivid, descriptive touch in the Greek which does not appear in our version. Under Jesus' direction the confused throng was resolved into the order of a French 'parterre.' He had them sit platwise, so that they looked, in their high-colored garments, like veritable flower-beds with green turf intervening.

After the cheerful grace, which Jesus never omits, he puts a morsel of bread and fish in the hand of each apostle, and sends him forth to serve. What each breaks off is larger far than what remains. But that which remains is undiminished. And all are fed and filled. As a lesson in frugality, the unused fragments are ordered to be gathered up. Each hesitating apostle holds in his hands the tangible evidence of the reality and magnitude of the miracle wrought.

Even a casual reader of the Bible will hardly fail to note that St. John has a philosophy of his own, in accordance with which he arranges the facts, miracles, and discourses of Jesus. He does not do violence to chronology, but he is not hampered by it. His purpose is to show the evolution of Jesus' character and work in the most effective way possible. The material is vast and bewildering. In fine hyperbole John exclaims that if all the things that Jesus said and did were recorded the world would not contain the books that would be written. Selection is necessary. To this end he makes choice of scenic incidents and the sermons which they evoked. So follow in order the first and second miracles at Cana, the conversations of Jesus with the woman and Nicodemus, the miracle of healing at Bethesda, and of feeding beside the sea. Nothing could be more spirited! There is a philosophic continuity which is far more effective than a bald, chronological one could possibly be.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

Lovely evidence is here of the implicit confidence which maintained between Jesus and his apostles. They came to him. They told him what they had done, what they had taught. They were sure of his sympathy. If they needed correction, they knew it would be done in love.

The eldest disciples have no monopoly, however, of Jesus' sympathy. He is touched with a feeling for us, too. We can come to him also, to 'tell Jesus' is still the disciples' blissful recourse.

The same considerateness which Jesus showed for the health and comfort of his toilers, he still feels for those who in this latter day are engaged in his service. Seasons of respite are indispensable for the highest effectiveness. A Church imitates the Master when it gives an industrious pastor a vacation. It says, 'Go apart, and rest a while.'

But apostles nor preachers have a monopoly of Jesus' sympathy. It sweeps out to inclose all sorts and conditions of men. Jesus was as compassionate toward the five thousand as toward the twelve. So his heart goes out toward the great unchurched masses to-day.

This boy went into partnership with Jesus. His little store was not taken from him by force. The moment he heard the Master had need he came running, and exclaiming, 'Lord, if you can use these, you are welcome to them.' With a boy's lunch Jesus fed five thousand. Young people have talents the Master can employ to-day. General Booth says, 'Shake the napkin at every corner!' The hidden 'pounds' will be sure to roll out.

Five crackers and two dried herring—talk of feeding five thousand with them! But add to the crackers and fish the almightiness of Jesus, and the proposition ceases to be ridiculous. The resources of the Church for spiritual sustenance for the thousand millions of earth are palpably inadequate, until the Saviour's power and blessing are added to the equation. Then there is enough and to spare.

The heavenliness of this miracle is evident in its orderliness. There was no unseemly scramble, inequality, or waste. All was precision, method, order.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

The Sea of Galilee: Sweet water, full of fish; a surface of sparkling blue, tempting down breezes from above, bringing forth breezes of her own, the Lake of Galilee is at once food, drink and air, a rest to the eye, coolness in the heat, and escape from a crowd, and a facility of travel very welcome in so exhausting a climate.—George Adam Smith. When Jesus then lifted up his eyes: Better as in the American Revision, 'Jesus therefore lifting up his eyes.' Saw a great company come ['seeing that a great multitude cometh']: Not the same crowd mentioned in verse 2, else in the Greek the article would have been inserted, but a Passover caravan coming from some other direction.—Dods. Saith unto Philip: Why to Philip? Not because he happened at the moment to be nearest to Jesus (Alford); nor as Bengel suggests, because he had charge of the commissariat; but Cyril is right who finds the explanation in the character of Philip, and in the word to prove him.—Expositor's Greek Testament. This was not a trial of Philip's faith, but a test whether he could suggest any experient; and the answer of the disciple (verse 7) conveys also the impression that he knew of none.—Meyer. What he would do: Without suggestions from others. It was not bread he sought from Philip, but faith.—Augustine. Philip's home was Bethsaida. He was therefore acquainted with the region and people.—Peloubet. Jesus takes it for granted that they must all dine with him.—Henry. This is the only action in Jesus' life recorded by all the evangelists.—Ibid. Make the men sit down: This was like sending Providence to market.—Ibid. Philip answered: A matter-of-fact man, quick reasoner, good man of business, more ready to rely on his own shrewd calculations than on unseen resources. This weakness Jesus gives him the opportunity of conquering.—Dods. Two hundred pennyworth—$32. It was equivalent to his asking, 'Can he furnish a table in the wilderness?'—Henry. A lad, five loaves, two fishes: When Count Zinzendorf was a boy at school he founded amongst his school-fellows a little guild which he called the 'Order of the Grain of Mustard-seed,' and thereafter that seedling grew into the great tree of the Moravian Brotherhood, whose boughs were a blessing to the world.—Farrar. Make the men ['people'] sit down: An order indicative of our Lord's design that there might be no confusion and that the attention of all might be directed to what he was about to do.—Butler. It invited close inspection. Given (1) that there might be no unseemly crowding round him and crushing out the weaker; and (2) that they might understand they were to have a full meal, not a mere bite they could take in their hand in passing. Obedience to the request tested the faith of the crowd.—Dods. Observe the furniture of the dining-room; there was much grass there; served as cushions for those who sat upon the ground.—Henry. Jesus took the loaves: The distribution was with thanksgiving and universal satisfaction.—Ibid. Fragments: The grant we have of God's good creatures is large and full, but with the proviso, willful waste only excepted.—Ibid. This was for these Orientals a most important lesson in thrift. The poor are proverbially thriftless everywhere; but nothing could exceed the lavish wastefulness of the poor Oriental when a moment of good fortune has filled his hands with plenty. He absolutely takes no thought for the morrow, and, if reminded of the coming day, will calmly reply, 'The Lord will provide.'—Ewing. This has been noticed as a strong mark of truth, most unlikely to have been invented by the writer of a fiction. For it is improbable, from a human point of view that one who could multiply food at will should give directions about saving fragments.—Cambridge Bible.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 26.—Topic—Heroes of home missions: what they teach us. Jer. i., 7-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Monday, Feb. 20.—Aaron's sin. Ex. xxxiii., 1-16.

Tuesday, Feb. 21.—As God saw it. Ex. xxxii., 7-10.

Wednesday, Feb. 22.—Moses's prayer. Ex. xxxii., 11-14.

Thursday, Feb. 23.—Moses and the golden calf. Ex. xxxii., 15-20.

Friday, Feb. 24.—Aaron's excuse. Ex. xxxii., 21-24.

Saturday, Feb. 25.—The punishment. Ex. xxxii., 25-35.

Sunday, Feb. 26.—Topic—A story of a golden calf. Ex. xxxii., 1-6, 15-20.

Christian Graces.

Christ never said much in mere words about the Christian graces. He lived them, he was them. Yet we do not merely copy him. We learn his art by living constantly with him, like the old apprentices with their masters. He says 'Follow Me . . . and you will find rest.' Perhaps if we knew how much was involved in the simple 'learn' of Christ, we would not enter his school with so irresponsible a heart. For there is not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. Many persons never go to this school at all until character has almost taken on its fatal set. But it can be done—and there is Rest in the school although there is also much Work.—Henry Drummond.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Which Crowd Are You In?

Two old pals met on the street.

'I saw you in the liquor men's parade, on Tuesday,' one of them said.'

'Oh, yes.'

'Now, you tell me about it. Who were all those fellows in front on horses?'

'Those? Why, those were the wholesalers'

'Well, who were those fellows in carriages?'

'Those fellows in plug hats, smoking the big, black cigars?'

'Yes.'

'They were the distillers and brewers.'

'Who were those fellows walking there with white plug hats, white coats and gold-headed canes?'

'They were the retailers.'

'Who were those fellows who brought up the rear?'

'Fellows with cauliflower noses and fringes on their trousers—the crowd I was with?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, they were the consumers.'—'The People's Tribune.'

Cigarette Making Should be a Crime.

That the enormity of the cigarette evil is being recognized more and more by the general public, as voiced in the secular press, is clearly shown by the following vigorous article from the 'Chicago Daily Journal.'

A Chicago woman killed herself recently because she despaired of giving up the use of cigarettes, of which she had been a victim for seven years. She was happily married and in all respects except her cigarette smoking had conducted herself with perfect propriety.

About the same time a boy twenty-two years old confined in jail for a misdemeanor at Kewanee, in this state, attempted suicide because his supply of cigarettes had been cut off.

Nobody who has observed the operation of the cigarette habit will be surprised by these things.

Cigarettes not merely enfeeble and becloud the mind but they also destroy the will, pervert the judgment and lower the vitality. Generally, too, they kill the moral sense. They are deadly poison to mind and body. When one has once come under their thrall it is almost as impossible to escape from it as it is to break the opium habit.

Unfortunately, their effect upon the body is so slow and upon the mind is so insidious that their use is not regarded with the seriousness it demands. But how terrible are the effects may be guessed from the case of the woman referred to who preferred death to cigarette slavery and gave up her husband, her home and her life in order to end her torments.

As a matter of fact, cigarettes form one of the greatest and most menacing dangers the country has to face. They are more disastrous to public health and order and morals than even the liquor traffic.

They are so cheap and so easily obtained that children begin to poison themselves and undermine their brains and their constitutions before they are out of their teens. The result is that they grow up stunted and unhealthy in body, weakened in intellect, deficient in moral sense and so injured in vitality that they must have alcoholic or other stimulation to attain even temporarily a normal sense of comfort.

It is a well-known fact that all the youthful criminals of late years have been cigarette 'fiends.' The boys in the reformatory at Pontiac all used cigarettes habitually before they were confined, and upon release they invariably return to the vice. The male inmates of the bridewell, young and old, and most of the women, are cigarette smokers, and one of the jailers' principal difficulties is to keep cigarettes from being smuggled in to the prisoners.

Johnson, the black murderer who was hanged in Cook county jail some time ago, was a cigarette slave. His last night on earth was spent in puffing the poisonous tubes.

Cigarettes and vice are inseparable companions and when crime appears it is almost always in their company.

The manufacture and sale of cigarettes should be prohibited by national law and violation of the law should be made a penal offense.

The cigarette makers are crime makers and vice makers and death makers. They are filling this country with a poisoned, insane criminal class, which, if its progress is not soon checked, will rot away the fabric of society. They are public enemies and should be treated as such.

The Use of Alcohol at Meals.

Vigorous efforts are being made in certain quarters to start what is claimed to be a temperance movement in promotion, not of total abstinence, but of the restriction of the use of alcoholic beverages mainly to meal time. Pertinent to this discussion we present the following from a very eminent authority:

Professor Victor Horsley, F.R.S., lecturing at the London institution, declared emphatically against the use of alcohol in a dietetic form. The subject he dealt with was, to be precise, 'The Effect of Alcohol on the Nervous System,' and his remarks were listened to by a crowded audience.

At the outset the professor said that his purpose was to lay before his audience a survey of the most recent work that had been done on the question of taking into the body not large quantities of alcohol—that was well known to be injurious—but small quantities, usually spoken of as dietetic—that which people imbibed at mealtimes. Alcohol acted, like all drugs, selectively upon the tissues. It acted more particularly on the peripheral nerves, running in the limbs and extremities. The fact that alcohol in quantities not enough to produce drunkenness, but in such a quantity as to justify the term of 'soaking,' produced paralysis of the nerves and extremities had only recently been recognized.

Professor Horsley called to his aid the results of recent investigations by Prof. Kraepelin, an authority whose name should, he thought, be a household word, who pointed out that alcohol had an immediately quickening effect, but that was followed by a second stage of failure and loss of power. The subjective sensation of well being, such as was experienced, for instance after taking wine, was, he declared, a deception as regarded the activity of the brain in doing intellectual work, and it was also a deception as regarded the performance of muscular work.

It was, however, new for them to learn that it was a serious intellectual deception to take alcohol even in extremely small quantities. This fact was of great importance in endeavoring to understand how a substance like alcohol, which paralyzed, could also stimulate. The first effect of a small quantity of alcohol was to suspend or to interfere with the operation of the highest parts of the brain, which translated into popular language, meant the loss of the controlling mechanism, as though a brake had been removed from a wheel which went on more quickly than before, but not necessarily more efficiently. On the other hand, experiments with tea showed that at first it produced an acceleration, but there was no paralyzing effect subsequently. The stimulation stage with this liquid passed away, but there was no loss of power, and precisely the same thing has been shown with regard to coffee.—The Rev. Dr. J. F. Hill, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.'

When They See it Themselves

Singularly plain language was indulged in by a woman at a meeting of some brewers in Chicago, not so very long ago. The families of many brewers and liquor merchants rarely come in touch with the evil side of the business. They take the profits of the concerns without any question; they do not consider that they are in any way personally responsible for the ravages of strong drink; they are simply manufacturers. Now and then they may get a glimpse of the evil, and sometimes the effect is not altogether pleasant. In the gathering referred to a number of brewers' wives were guests. The banquet was all spread in the magnificent Auditorium Hotel. From the reports there was considerable drinking going on. One of the women present, the wife of a leading brewer, was horrified at the spectacle, and arose in the midst of an address and interrupted the speaker with: 'This is vile, vile, vile. Shame upon you.' The toastmaster attempted to stop her in a polite way, but she seemed greatly excited.

'I will not be stopped,' cried the woman. 'I am a woman and privileged to speak first. I, for one, will never come here again. It is nothing but drinking—gambling and drinking. Shame upon you. I say it is vile, vile, vile.'

During a moment there was silence in the room. The banqueters put down their half-emptied glasses and the husband of the woman who had interrupted escorted her to the far end of a room, where she was immediately surrounded by her friends.

'I meant every word of it,' she said to her husband, who is said to be the head of a brewing company. The interruption put an end to the banquet. The toastmaster hastily concluded his speech, and there was an immediate adjournment by common consent. Every effort was made by those at the banquet to conceal the name of the woman who had spoiled the festivities.

If such a scene horrified the wife of the brewer, what might not be the result if she took pains to look at the other end of the abominable business;—'Baptist Union.'

Signs of Promise.

It was a significant statement made some time since at the annual meeting of a large brewery company in England, when the chairman announced to the shareholders that the directors had been unable to declare any dividend.

Among the chief reasons for this, he quoted the educational progress that had been made in the country as a whole, the better housing of the working class, and the increased facilities for transit, which permitted the laboring man to leave his work in the crowded parts of the city where saloons did their largest business, and get away into the suburbs, where, unfortunately for 'the Trade,' it was not so easy to follow him.

When brewers recognize that increased comforts in the workingman's home means an immediate decresse in their revenue, temperance people should take courage and at the same time lay it to heart, that the question of suitable dwellings for people of small means, and kindred subjects, are as directly their concern as the legal limitation of the liquor traffic.

A Midnight Coffee Van.

A unique form of philanthropy is described in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal' as associated with the name of Mrs. Nelson, of Edinburgh, daughter of a noble philanthropist and merchant prince of Liverpool, Alexander Balfour. This lady, some time ago, started a coffee van for going round at nights to balls, theatres, or wherever cabs stand. The first night 17s. 6d. was taken; the next night 23s. in penny and two-penny cups of coffee or soup and buns.

The can is painted white, in order to be conspicuous at night, and is fitted up like the galley of a yacht with an oven and little stove, and boiler and drawers. It is in charge of a respectable old cabman.

What a splendid antidote these hot beverages will prove to the spirits and beer, which are so strong a temptation to 'go by' on a cold winter's night. There are two similar vans at work in Glasgow. We should be glad to hear of other coffee vans being started on the same lines in other large cities.

Doctored Liquors.

The saloonkeeper cheats his customers in selling them intoxicating liquors, in putting into their mouths something to steal away their brains. Not only so, but probably not one-tenth of the liquor sold in bar-rooms has a speaking acquaintance with purity. It is adulterated and it is poisoned. It is sweetened and it is spiced. New whiskey is made to imitate old. If one does not believe this he has only to visit the laboratories of schools in the great cities where instructors are regularly employed to teach their students 'how to imitate imported liquors and straight whiskies and how to give new whiskies artificial age.' The whole liquor selling business, from the distillery to the saloon is a snare, a cheat and a fraud.—'Canadian Baptist.'

Correspondence

OUTLINE PICTURES.

Pictures have also been received from the following:—Charlie T., Edna R., Selina P., Donald H. McC., Hazel M. B., Abbie S., Retta McM., Ronald M., Violet G., Annie J. R., Katie K., etc. These pictures we expect to appear in the paper very soon. You must have patience if you do not see your picture in the next number after you have sent it in, as there will sometimes be too many for one week.

Please observe the following rules, they are a little different from what we gave you at first:—

1. Draw on white cardboard five inches square.
2. Avoid shading.
3. Write your name, age and address on the other side. Also a name for your picture.
4. Don't use anything to draw with but a good sharp pencil.
5. Don't expect to see one of your drawings more than once in three months.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Frontier, Que.

Dear Editor,—I received the 'Messengers' all right, and I am very much pleased with them. I like the papers very much. I am a Scotch boy. I sailed from Glasgow, Scotland, on May 7, but I do not intend to stay here. When my father comes out here we are going out West. I have one brother and one sister. We have for pets one dog named Flossy and two cats, named Topsy and Daisy. My favorite books are 'Beric the Briton,' 'The Young Rajah,' and 'Afar in the Forest.' The first book named is by G. A. Henty, and the other two by W. H. G. Kingston. My favorite poet is Robert Burns. ALEX. C.

Edna A. (aged 12), Humberstone, Ont.

Victor B. J. (aged 13), Upper Waynesville, N S.

L'Anse aux Cousins, Gaspé, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school nearly every day, and I am in the fourth grade, and I have six studies. Our teacher's name is Miss C., and I like her very much. We have a lot of snow down here. We have Sunday-school and service in our schoolhouse, and the school is in the corner of our field. There was fine skating for a while; then more snow came and spoiled it. It is very cold here now. There was fine sliding, but the snow came and spoiled it all. I like reading the 'Messenger,' and the Correspondence page is nice. I have not seen any letter in the 'Messenger' from any of my cousins. JESSIE V. S. (aged 13).

Ste. Anne de Prescott, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have three miles to go to school. We are four going to school. I have two brothers and two sisters, and we had a Box Social in our school before Christmas. I live on a farm of 140 acres.

DUNCAN M. (aged 12).

Abernethy, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I started to school last week after an absence of three weeks. We have a new teacher. His name is Mr. G. We all like him thus far. I was in Manitoba last summer. I have two uncles living there, and I had a nice time with my cousins. I am in the fifth book. I live two miles from Abernethy, a village on the Kirkella branch. Although this village is not a year old yet, it has a population of between two and three hundred, and it has three stores, three elevators, one hardware store, one furniture store, one drug store, three implement warehouses, two blacksmith's shops, a jewellery store, a temperance hotel, a Presbyterian church and an English church.

ALMA M.

St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading.

Mina B. (aged 11), Merrickville, Ont.

Nellie M. (aged 13), Allan's Mills, Ont.

Some of the books I like best are:—'Black Beauty,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' 'Lovey Mary,' and 'Under the Lilacs.' I go to school, and am in the third class. My teacher's name is Miss F. Kettle Creek is frozen over now, and we go skating on the creek and sleigh ride on the hill. In the summer we go swimming. For pets I have a dog, whose name is Collie, and he is the prettiest little fellow I ever saw. I have two sisters and two brothers. I wonder if anybody who reads the 'Messenger' knows which is the shortest and the longest verse in the Bible?

STUART C. (aged 10).

Kilsyth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write an essay on a duck. A duck is a low, heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. He is a very poor singer, having a hoarse voice caused by getting too many frogs in his neck. He likes the water, and carries a toy balloon in him to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so far back on his running gear by nature that she came pretty near missing his body. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails, and they are called drakes. HARVEY B.

Glen Andrew, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and he keeps three horses, twelve head of cattle and some sheep. I go to school, and I am in the fourth reader. I take up arithmetic, history, dictation, grammar and reading. I like arithmetic and reading best. For pets I have a dog and a cat, and they are both as black as jet. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. I am thirteen years old.

D. A. McC.

Dorchester, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write another letter. I have taken the 'Messenger' about a year, and I love to read the letters on the Correspondence Page. We have lovely plants this year. My papa came home last Saturday from Norfolk. I can play the organ, piano and the autoharp. I have two brothers, but no sisters. My sister died when she was ten years old. When I was three years old I went to Rio Janeiro, Pensacola, New York and Boston on a ship with papa and mamma, but I cannot remember very much, as I was so little. I go to school most every day, and I have about a mile to go. My teacher's name is Miss A. We all like her very much. Dorchester is a very pretty place in summer. There is a creek that flows in front of our house. We sometimes fish there. There are five churches in Dorchester. I go to the Baptist church. There is a lot of snow here, and fine snowshoeing and skating. We have a cow named Bess, and a horse named Bill, and he is a pet. For smaller pets we have a dog named Major and a canary named Dick. When any of us sing, Dick sings too. The youngest of our family is six years old, and the eldest is twenty years of age in March next. I take music lessons, and my teacher's name is Miss P. I am four feet and one inch in height. Christmas Eve we had a concert in the church, and I took part in it. My grandma lives with us. She is now seventy-three years of age. I have no other grandpas or grandma living. We girls at the school are trying to see who can act the best in school this year. It is terrible cold here tonight. MINA R. P.

Hazel P. (aged 12), Sunderland, Ont.

Annie L. R. (aged 10), Glenwood, N.S.

Zion City, Lake Co., Ill.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I thought I would write now. We have taken the 'Messenger' about four years. I think it is a nice paper. My grandpa who lives in Canada, where we came from has taken the 'Weekly Witness' for a very long period, and the 'World Wide' a short time. We came here two years ago last July. I will tell you something about this city. It is three years old, and situated forty-two miles north of Chicago, on Lake Michigan. The principal manufactories are a lace factory, that makes regular Nottingham lace; and a candy factory, where they make the best candy in the world. Shortning without lard is also made. Mamma says it is the best she ever used. Soap, brooms and crackers, too, are made. Now I will tell you some of the things we do not have: pork, tobacco, whiskey, doctors, drugs, theatres, saloons or any other bad places are not allowed here. There are less deaths than in any other place in the world of the same size. We have four nine-room school-houses, and also a college building made of stone, with an attendance of three hundred students. There are about one thousand school children. The Bible is taught as much as anything else. We have a large tabernacle, and it is generally filled. There are about eight meetings a week. We have lots of fun, too. I am thirteen years old. I have no brothers, and only one sister, her name being Almeda. She will be eleven the first of November. We were both in California. I am in the seventh grade, my sister is in the third. EMILY LODMA P.

Maggie I. B. (aged 12), Kingston, N.B.

Hugh M. (aged 11), Allan's Mills, Ont.

Hettie K. (aged 13), Ottawa, Ont.

South Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have two brothers older than I. But I have no sisters. I go to school, and am in the fifth grade. We don't have any Sunday-school here now. I take the 'Messenger,' and we all like the stories very much. My papa and older brother make maple sugar.

BESSIE K. S.

Marsboro, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have nine sisters and three brothers. I am very fond of reading. Here are some books that I have read: 'Little by Little,' 'Now or Never,' 'Helen's Babies,' 'Elsie Dinsmore,' 'Elsie's Womanhood,' 'Elsie at Nantucket,' and 'Glengarry Schooldays.' Our school closed in October. My father is a farmer. I think I would far rather live in the country than in the city. I like to live on a farm very much. IDA M. MacI. (aged 11).

HOUSEHOLD.

A Bit of Honey.

Just a bit of honey on the daily bread,
Just a waft of perfume on the path we tread.

Just a taste of sweetness in the bitter brew
That is dashed too deeply with the poignant rue.

Just a winning patience when the day is long,
Just a cheery lifting of the pilgrim's song.

Just a thought of heaven; earth will soon be o'er;
Oh, the fadeless flowers on that other shore!

Just a bit of honey in the cup we take,
Just a little sweetness in the bread we break.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Courtesy in the Home.

(Mrs. Elsie Duncan Yale, in the New York 'Observer.')

In the announcement of an old-fashioned 'dame school,' the worthy mistress offered instruction in needlework, penmanship, and various useful arts, all for the low sum of two shillings per week, and added at the close:—'Manners, twopence extra!'

As we look about us in these busy, 'strenuous' days, it is often our lot to fall in with those who, while well versed in arts and sciences, did not have the necessary 'twopence extra for manners' expended on them in the days of their youth. There is too much hurry and bustle for the 'small, sweet courtesies of life.' Women jostle and crowd one another at the bargain counters; men sit in the cars, entrenched behind newspapers, in real or apparent ignorance of women clinging to the straps; children talk loftily of the 'governor' or the 'old lady,' and it would seem that old fashioned chivalry and politeness have become obsolete.

The root of the evil lies, beyond a doubt, in the home. Here, in the very place where it would seem that that loving, thoughtful courtesy should prevail, it is often sadly lacking. The husband, while beyond a doubt cherishing a real affection for his wife, is careless and neglectful for his wife, is careless and neglectful of the little attentions he once showed her. In the words of the late Max O'Rell, 'he apparently considers that his wife has forfeited every claim to his respect by marrying him.' If he should chance to meet her on the street, he does not raise his hat as he would to another woman. If she has prepared some especially appetizing dish, he enjoys it, but it does not always occur to him to express his appreciation. 'Please,' and 'thank you,' are forgotten, while 'excuse me,' and 'I beg your pardon,' are too often omitted.

The fault, too, may lie with the wife. In the courtship days, she took pleasure in dress-

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

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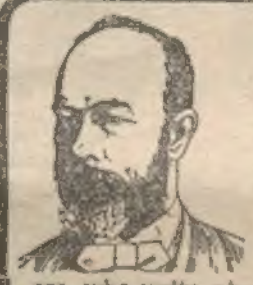

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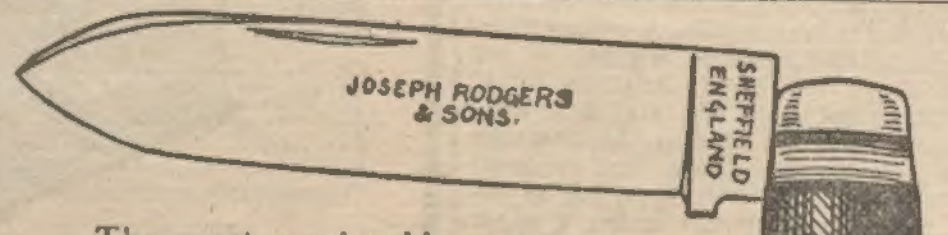
at home WITHOUT Pain, Danger, or Time From Work by the WONDERFUL DISCOVERY of an eminent Toronto Specialist.

Rev. E. D. Sherman, Harrow, Essex County, Ontario, whose portrait here appears, is cured at 66 years, by the great Discovery of the Rupture Specialist, Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. (Block 51), Toronto, Ont. To all Ruptured sufferers, who write at once, Dr. Rice will send FREE, his BOOK, "Can Rupture be Cured," and a FREE TRIAL of his DISCOVERY. Do not wait, write to-day.



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KNIFE FREE.

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This is a regular Man's Jack Knife, and any boy who gets it will have something to be proud of. Ask by post card for one dozen copies of 'World Wide,' and they will be sent immediately.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

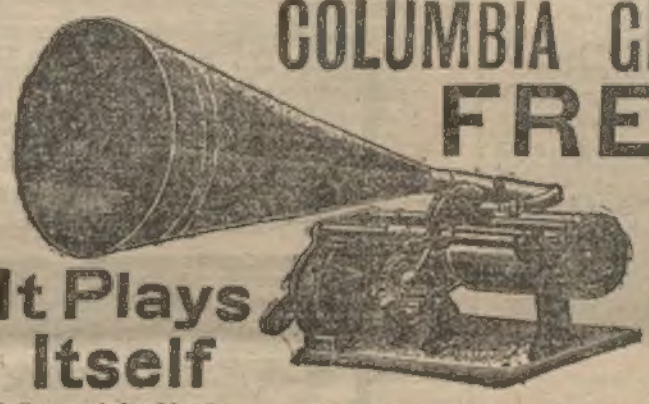
LAKE PARK, Minn., Jan. 30, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I received the knife to-day and am greatly delighted with it. Many thanks.

Yours truly,
ELMER MELBY.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.



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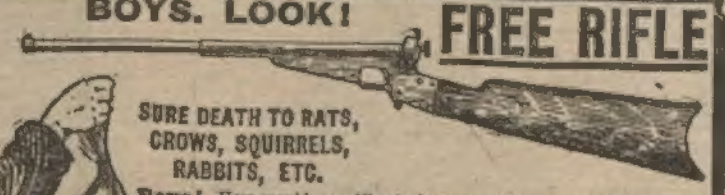
SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 5 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated. Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I've going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays just as loud and clear as any $60.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 409 **Toronto**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

ing to please the eyes of her lover, but when he became her husband, much of her regard for her personal appearance ceased. The girl who wore dainty blouses and trig shirt waist suits when she was engaged, too often dons, as a wife, an unbecoming wrapper for her housework, and the hair which was once 'fluffy' too frequently merits the adjective 'frowsy.' The lover had his gifts greeted by an enthusiastic 'How perfectly lovely!' but not infrequently a husband's gifts are received with 'I really d dn't need that, John.'

'But my wife knows that I love her,' or 'My husband knows that I love him, so what is the use of being formal?' is sometimes asked. No need at all for formality, but courtesy is a different thing entirely, and above all, those who love each other should not be neglectful of courtesy. The lack of it is too often 'The litt'e rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make the music mute.' It is well for husband and wife to resolve that they will be careful of the courtesies of life, for human happiness often hinges upon seeming trifles.

Children should early be instructed not in 'Company manners,' which are obviously artificial, but in the true politeness coming from the heart. Kate Douglass Wiggin, in her charming story, 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' humo rously describes the efforts of Mrs. Ruggles to instill into her progeny the essentials of polite behavior. They have lived in blissful ignorance of it all their lives, but an invitation to Christmas dinner makes a slight knowledge of etiquette necessary. Hence Mrs. Ruggles energetically drills and coaches her little flock, only to have precepts promptly forgotten.

We laugh at Mrs. Ruggles and her lecture on deportment, but have we never been guilty of the same to a lesser degree?

'Company is coming,' the children are told, 'and you must behave like ladies and gentlemen. You must eat nicely at the table, and not talk much or interrupt anyone,' and other wise counsels are given. But you cannot condense several years' instruction in politeness into a few minutes' cramming. Teach the children to be courteous in the home, both to parents, and to one another. Let the table be a place not merely for eating, but also for social enjoyment. Train the children to eat daintily, to be thoughtful in passing the food which is near them, and to take part in the conversation, not monopolizing or interrupting it, but modestly, and politely. Teach them to say 'Please,' 'Thank you,' 'Excuse me.' In short, strive to make your 'home manners' 'company manners,' so that when guests are present there will be no anxious 'coaching,' but the children, and the whole family in fact, will be self-possessed, perfectly at ease, and able to entertain hospitably.

A great deal can be accomplished if parents are careful to be courteous to their children. A mother once having occasion to reach across her little daughter, said 'Excuse me, dear.' A guest who was present smiled quizzically, and asked, 'Are you always as particular as that?'

'Certainly,' replied the mother, 'I want Ruth to be polite to me, and so I must be polite to her.' There is everything in the fact of a good example.'

The power and influence of a Christian home cannot be overestimated, and that home where thoughtful, loving courtesy prevails is the one to which the children will look back after they have left it, and to which they will joyfully return—for after all, what is nearer to Heaven than a true home?

Selected Recipes.

Pop-overs.—Take two eggs, beat them separately and well, beat two cups of milk and stir in, then lightly add, beating all the while, two cups of sifted flour and a pinch of salt. Then beat until very light. When the batter is a mass of foam pour gently into small bowls or gem pans and bake in a very quick oven for thirty minutes at least, longer, if possible.

Lemon Honey.—Into three ounces of fresh butter and a cupful of sugar, melted together, stir the beaten yolks of three eggs, into which have been mixed the grated peel of a large lemon. Stir over the fire till it begins to thicken, and then add juice of the lemon. Continue stirring till as thick as honey, then pour into jelly tumblers and cover. It makes a filling for a layer cake, and may be used for flavoring.

$12 BUYS THIS $20 OUTFIT

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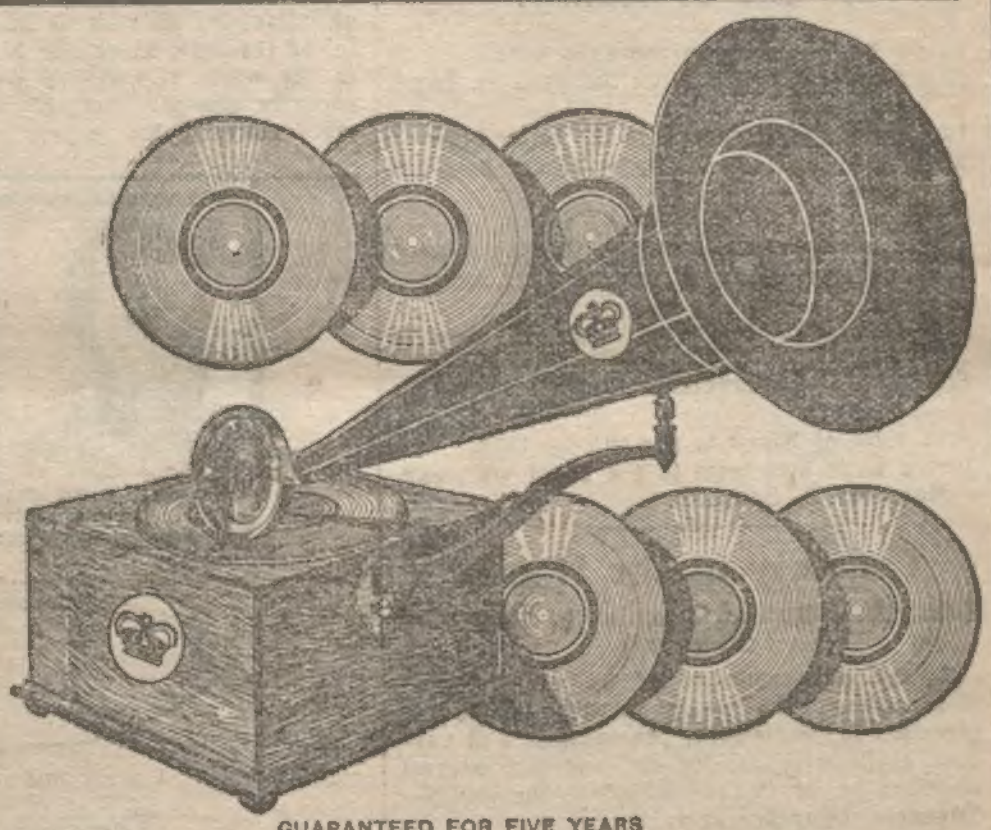

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Description The new Crown Melophone is a handsome instrument, substantially made, and so simply constructed that a child can easily operate it. It can be wound while running, and will play any make or size of disc record. It has a beautifully polished oak cabinet fitted with a real talking machine motor (not clock-work motor) with worm gearing. It has the new combination brake and speed regulator, the regular standard full size sound box. The horn is 15 inches long, finely nickel-plated and red lacquered on the inside. Its unusual length, improved shape and extra large bell, 9 inches in diameter, rounds out the tones beautifully, so that when they issue from the horn they are loud, full, clear, musical, very distinct and as sweet as a bell.

The Records Are noted for their superior quality, great volume, clearness and brilliancy of tone. There are hundreds of titles to choose from including solos on all the different instruments, band and orchestra selections, comic, sentimental and coon songs, hymns, chimes, bells, sacred music, duets, quartettes, sketches, minstrels, talking, whistling and dialect records.

What entertainment have you for these long dull evenings? Just think for a minute how happy one of these Outfits would make your family; what a treat to have in your home—the finest music ever played, the sweetest songs ever sung, the best stories ever told. It plays for dancing; it keeps the young folks home at night.

We really cannot say too much in praise of this new talking and singing machine. It is the latest product of the Talking Machine Art, embracing every improvement. There is not a machine in Canada that can approach it at anywhere near the price. And remember we guarantee it for five years. The reason we can make such a liberal offer is because we control the entire output of one of the largest factories in the world in this particular machine.

A Last Word If there is any further information you would like, write us and we will gladly give it. If not fill out the coupon and mail it to us. Don't delay. We have been receiving so many orders lately that the factory has had hard work to keep up with the demand, so if you wish yours to be filled promptly, send in the coupon at once and we will guarantee a picked and well tested instrument. Understand you run no risk. If the outfit does not come fully up to your expectations you can return it to us, and we will refund your dollar. If you wish to take advantage of the cash price, send $1 just the same and we will ship the outfit C.O.D. to your nearest express office. Then when thoroughly tested and found perfectly satisfactory, you can pay the express agent the balance, $9, and express charges. Address,

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Gentlemen.—Enclosed find $1.00 as first payment on one Crown Melophone and Outfit. If perfectly satisfactory in every particular, I agree to pay you $2.00 a month for five and a half months. If unsatisfactory, it is understood that I can return the Outfit and this order will be cancelled.

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Pearl and Diamond Ring
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FREE
To anyone who will sell only 20 packages of our
SWEET PEA SEEDS

at 10c. each. The packages are extra large size, beautifully colored and contain the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all giant flowers deliciously fragrant in endless combinations of beautiful colors.

Send no Money

simply drop us a card with your name and address and we will mail the 20 packages postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl or lady to get a handsome, stylish fur without spending one cent. They are made in the very latest style for 1905, so that they will be sure to be fashionable all next winter as well.

An Extra Present Free. If you will write for the seeds at once and be prompt in selling them and returning the money, we will give you free in addition to the Fur Scarf a handsome 14k gold finished Ring set with large beautiful Pearls and Diamonds, exact reproductions of the genuine stones; none but experts can tell it from a costly ring. Write to-day and have the first chance of selling our seeds in your neighborhood. Address, **The Seed Supply Co.,** Department **440** Toronto, Ont.

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Over 6 Feet Long

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Don't Send us One Cent

All you have to do is to send us your name and address so that we can mail you 2½ dozen packages of our fast-selling fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10 cents each. They are the largest and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10 cents. Each one contains over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant in hundreds of beautiful colors. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this elegant, fashionable stole that reaches nearly to the knees, made of beautiful imitation Sable Fur, very fine, soft and rich and ornamented with silk cords and large, beautiful brush tails, as shown in the picture. These handsome scarfs lead all others for durability and richness, and are positively the most expensive ever given away by any company. Ladies, don't suffer with the cold when you can get such an elegant warm fur for a few minutes' easy work. Don't be envying your neighbors their new furs when you can have the dressiest and most fashionable in your neighborhood in a few days if you will write us at once. Don't delay—the first one to have our seeds has the best chance. Address, THE DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 420 Toronto

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We will give this handsome watch free to any boy for selling only one dozen of our annual comic review of the year entitled "1904 CARICATURED" just published, at ten cents each. A 50 cent certificate given free with each.

The watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, handsomely polished, a hard enamelled dial heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, and reliable American movement. It will last many years with care.

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We will give any girl or lady an elegant full length Fur Scarf, made in the latest style for 1905 by skilled workmen from specially selected skins of fine Black Coney Fur, rich, fluffy, very warm and comfortable, with six long full furred tails, and ornamented with a handsome silvered neck chain, for selling only 20 of our large, beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Our Sweet Pea Packages are positively the largest, the best and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. Send us your name and address and we will mail the seeds postpaid. When sold, return the money and we will send you a handsome Lady's or Girl's Fur Scarf just as described. When you see it we know you will say it is one of the handsomest furs you have ever seen. The only reason we can give such an expensive fur is that we had a large number made up specially for us at a reduced price in the summer when the furriers were not busy. Write at once before your neighbors buy their Spring Seeds. Address The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 446 Toronto

BEAUTIFUL LADY'S WATCH AND RING FREE

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Write us for 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest picture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful little Watch with Solid Silver Nickel case highly polished, the back elegantly enamelled in colors, fancy porcelain dial, dainty figures, Gold hands, and a reliable imported movement, also a beautiful Gold-finished Ring set with large Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds if you write us at once and are prompt in selling the Seeds. Address The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 434 Toronto

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With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

TOOT! TOOT! TOOT! FREE Steam Engine

Boys! Look Here. A real Steam Engine and Boiler Free. Powerful, smooth running, easy to operate. Has safety valve, whistle, steam dome, stationary cylinder, piston cross head connecting rod, and crank shaft with fly wheel attached. A perfect engine, given for selling at 10c, each only 1 doz. large beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. Every package contains over 60 of the rarest, prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color. They sell like hot cakes. Boys, this is the biggest Engine ever given away. Write to-day and be the first to sell our Seeds. THE DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 418 Toronto

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, to sell for us at 10c a package. (A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Gotlingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 418 Toronto.

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

Drop us a Post Card to-day.

Hand one Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive time-piece, given for selling only twenty large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are hot sellers. Everybody buys them. Ray Patter, Hilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a post card to-day and we will mail the packages post paid. Charles Wicksam, Ridgetown, Ont., said: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It keeps splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 469 Toronto.

THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF
Lady's or Girl's Size
Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 of our

COOK BOOKS
At 10c each.

They are all beautifully printed, hand omely bound in very attractive covers, and each one contains **739 Choice Recipes.** Every housekeeper will be glad to buy one. They are fully worth 25c, and we have sold thousands of them at 15c each. At only 10c each you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any girl lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

Address, **THE MAXWELL CO.,**
Dept. 439, Toronto.

Boys and Girls Get This FREE

SINGS
TALKS
LAUGHS
PLAYS
WHISTLES
IMITATES

This Is an Honest Business Proposition to Boys & Girls who want to earn a real **Graphophone** by giving us one hour of their time. It is not a "fake" for we do just what we say, and will give $100.00 to any person who can prove to the contrary. It is not a toy instrument run by a crank, but a genuine clock work Graphophone that plays all the latest songs and music equal in tone to any $50.00 machine made. All you have to do is to send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 3 doz. of our large, beautiful, fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are the largest packages ever sold for 10c. and each one contains the finest mixture in the world, **Over 60** different varieties, all large, flowering, sweet smelling, beautifully colored. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you this full size **real Self-Playing Graphophone.** It is a handsome instrument, strong, well made and fit for any parlor. It has a full size aluminum reproducer, in every respect the same as those furnished on the highest priced Graphophones, and as a detached part sells for $5.00. The speed regulator, governor springs and bearings are exactly the same as in $50.00 machines. With every Graphophone we give free one Musical and one Song Record, your choice from hundreds of selections including Bluebell, Hiawatha, Bedella, Always in the Way, Evening Chimes in the Mountains, Old Black Joe, Farmyard Medley (with farmyard and faninal imitations), Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs Murphy's Chowder, Japanese War March, Band Selection, The Bugler's Dream, Banjo Solos, etc. We know every boy and girl will be delighted with this Graphophone. You can entertain your family and friends and make lots of money giving concerts. Write to-day. Address The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 495 Toronto

Big Magic Lantern FREE

Fitted with double Telescope Crystal lenses made of lacquered brass and nickel plated, handsomely designed; complete with oil lamp and large assortment of colored slides. It is a thing known for evening amusements and shows. Send us your name and address for only 15 of our large, fast-selling, beautifully-colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world, to sell at 10c. each. Return us the money received and we will send you the Magic Lantern and complete outfit at once. Write to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPARTMENT 417 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 401 Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Elsa Robinson, Powasson, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

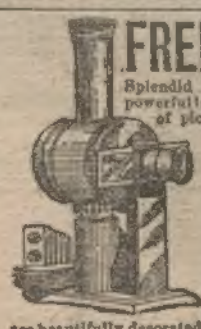
Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE
FREE
FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Melcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 482 **Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE



Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 402 TORONTO, ONT.**

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 441 Toronto, Ont**

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